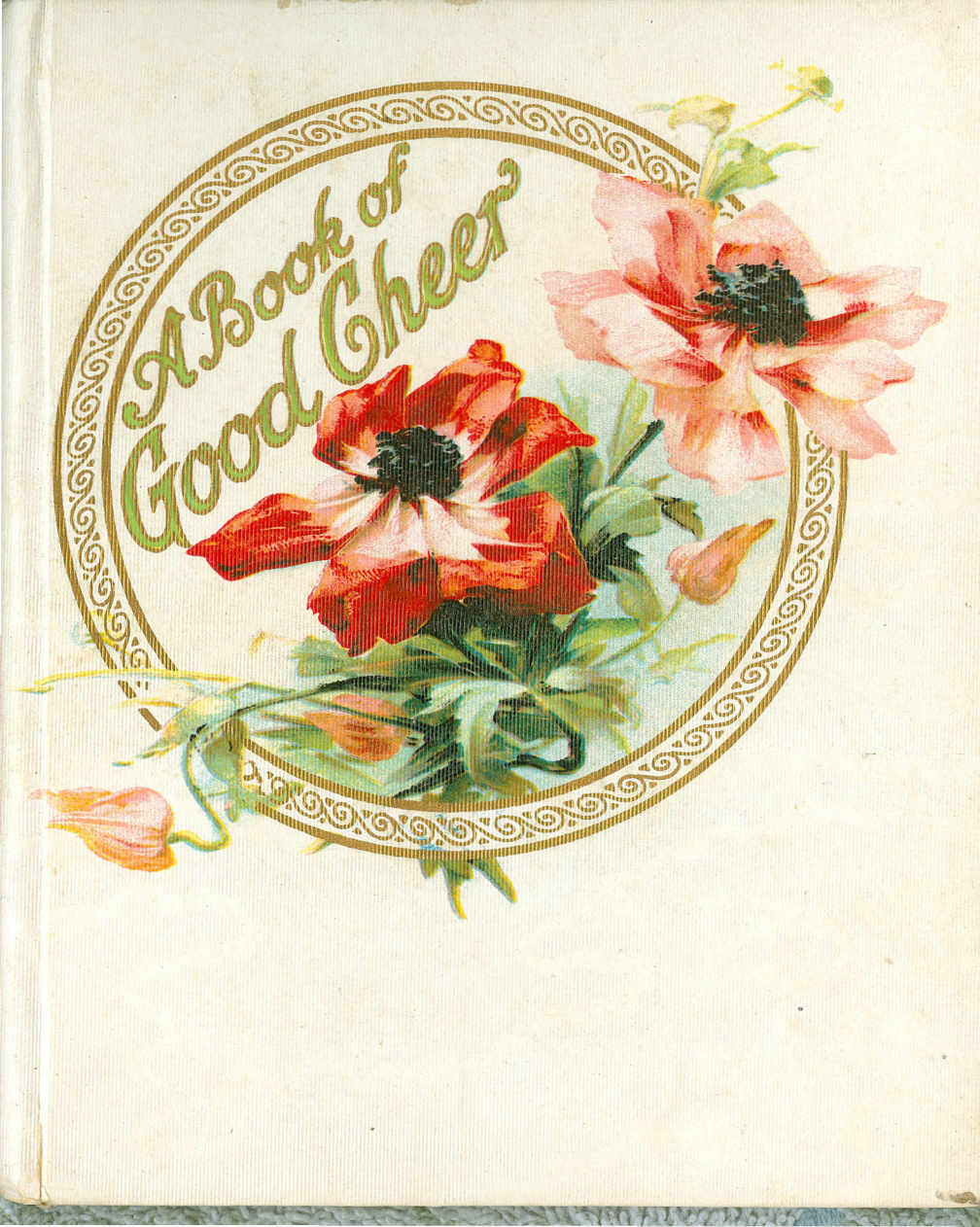
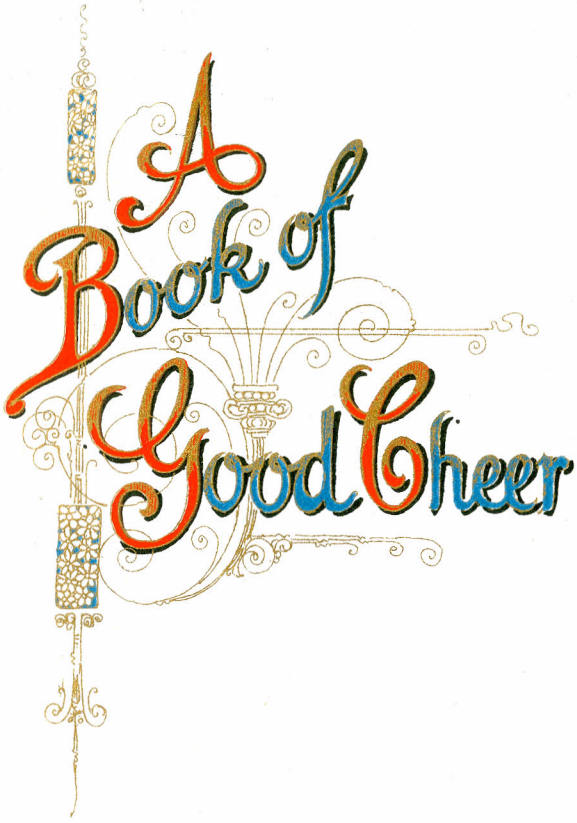

A Book of
Good Cheer

To Sarah
from Philander.

Christmas, 1908.

It is a comely fashion to be
glad;
Joy is the grace we
say to God.

Jean Ingelow.



Buffalo:
The Hayes Lithographing Company.

A MERRY heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.

Proverbs 15 : 13.

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.

Longfellow.

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm
We couldn't have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow!

Riley.

If any little word of
ours can make one life
the brighter;
If any little song of ours
can make one heart the
lighter,
God help us speak that
little word, and take our
bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely
vale,
And set the echoes ringing.

The habit of viewing things cheerfully and thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.

Smiles.

WE shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand —the habit of mind which theologians call, and rightly, faith in God. *Kingsley.*

'Twere better to send a cheap bouquet
To a living friend this very day,
Than a bushel of roses, white and red,
To lay on his casket when he is dead. *Anon.*

Put the golden sunshine in each day;
Others need the cheer which comes through you.
Juniata Stafford.

HE that holds fast to the
golden mean,
And lives contentedly
between
The little and the
great,
Feels not the wants
that pinch the poor,
Or plagues that haunt the rich
man's door,
Embittering all his state. Cowper.
O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live
again
In lives made better by their
presence. George Eliott.
Our content is our best having.
Shakespeare.
Life is but a passing cloud
Whence the rain is falling.
John B. Tabb.

A CHILD'S kiss
Set on thy sighing lips,
shall make thee glad;
A poor man served
by thee, shall make
thee rich;
A rich man helped by
thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt thyself be served,
by every sense
Of service thou hast rendered.

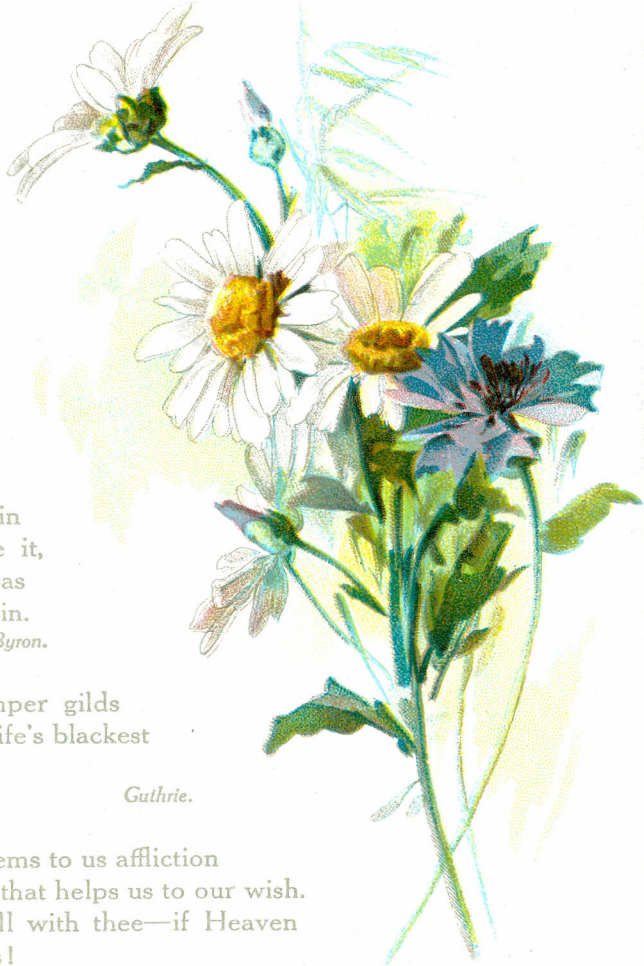
Mrs. Browning.

To feel, although no tongue shall
prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

Tennyson.

A voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty, that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Longfellow.



All who joy
would win
Must share it,
Happiness was
born a twin.

Byron.

A sunny temper gilds
the edge of life's blackest
cloud.

Guthrie.

What seems to us affliction
Is oft a hand that helps us to our wish.
So may it fall with thee—if Heaven
approves!

Sheridan Knowles.

WITH the day the light,
with the road the
strength to tread it.
Johnson.

It is true praise
To bless alike the
bright and dark;
To sing all days
Alike with nightingale and lark.
Anon.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or
despise;
For naught that sets one's heart at
ease
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.
Lowell.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray
sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter.
Selected.

From the eternal shadow
rounding
All our sun and star-
light here,
Voices of our lost ones
sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer;
Through the silence, down the spaces,
Falling on the inward ear. *Whittier.*

A health unto the happy
A fig for him who frets,
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets. *Robert Loveman.*

The night is long and pain weighs heavily,
But God will hold his world above despair.
Look to the East, where up the lurid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair.
Celia Thaxter

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou cannot see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from a well-worn field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

Adelaide Proctor.

That load becomes light which is cheerfully borne.

Ovid.

Be like the bird that on a bough too frail
To bear him, gaily swings;
He carols though the slender branches fail—
He knows that he has wings.

Hugo.

A LAUGH is just like
music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody
is heard,
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts
come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

St. Louis Republic.

Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity—the more we dispense of it, the greater our possessions. *Hugo.*

Be careful to go strewing in and out
Thy way with good deeds, lest it
come about
That when thou shalt depart,
No low lamenting tongue be found
to say
The world is poorer since thou
went'st away. *Alice Cary.*

Go to the woods and hills!
No tears
Dim the sweet look that
Nature
wears

Longfellow.

A cheerful
temper joined
with innocence will
make beauty attractive,
knowledge delightful, and
wit good-natured. *Addison.*

It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.

Lowell.

THE countless gold of
a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls
of a loving eye,
The idle man never
can bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning hoard up
in his treasury. *William Blake.*

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.

Oh, if the selfish knew how much
they lost,
What would they not endeavor,
not endure,
To imitate as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his
power employs
In making others happy. *Cowper.*

THE
GARLAND
SERIES.